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121 Words

REPLAY

BY MELODI CODA LAINE

I lay back and balance my mini speaker on the bridge of my nose. I do this to feel as close to the song, to the music, to the artist as possible. The composition begins shy, then brings itself closer to me, too, by sending vibrations that hammer the bone of my nose, tickle my teeth, and send ripples through the fluid in which my brain suspends. Sensations arousing so, I am in the studio with the artist. I look to them and watch, dazed, as they perform this song as if it were crafted solely for me. My heartbeat returns to a normal bpm as the song ends. The hair on my arms lie back down. I press play again.